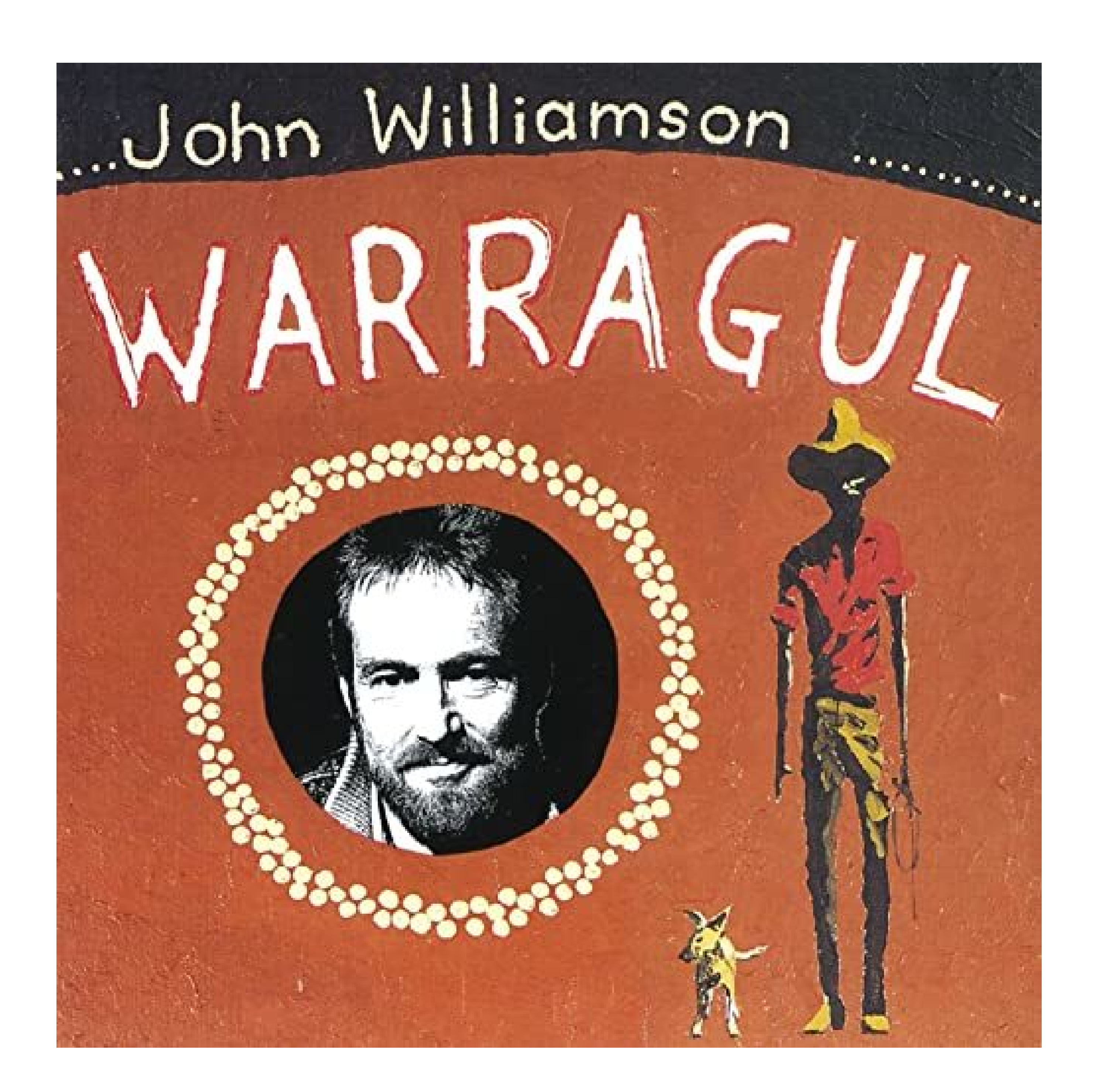
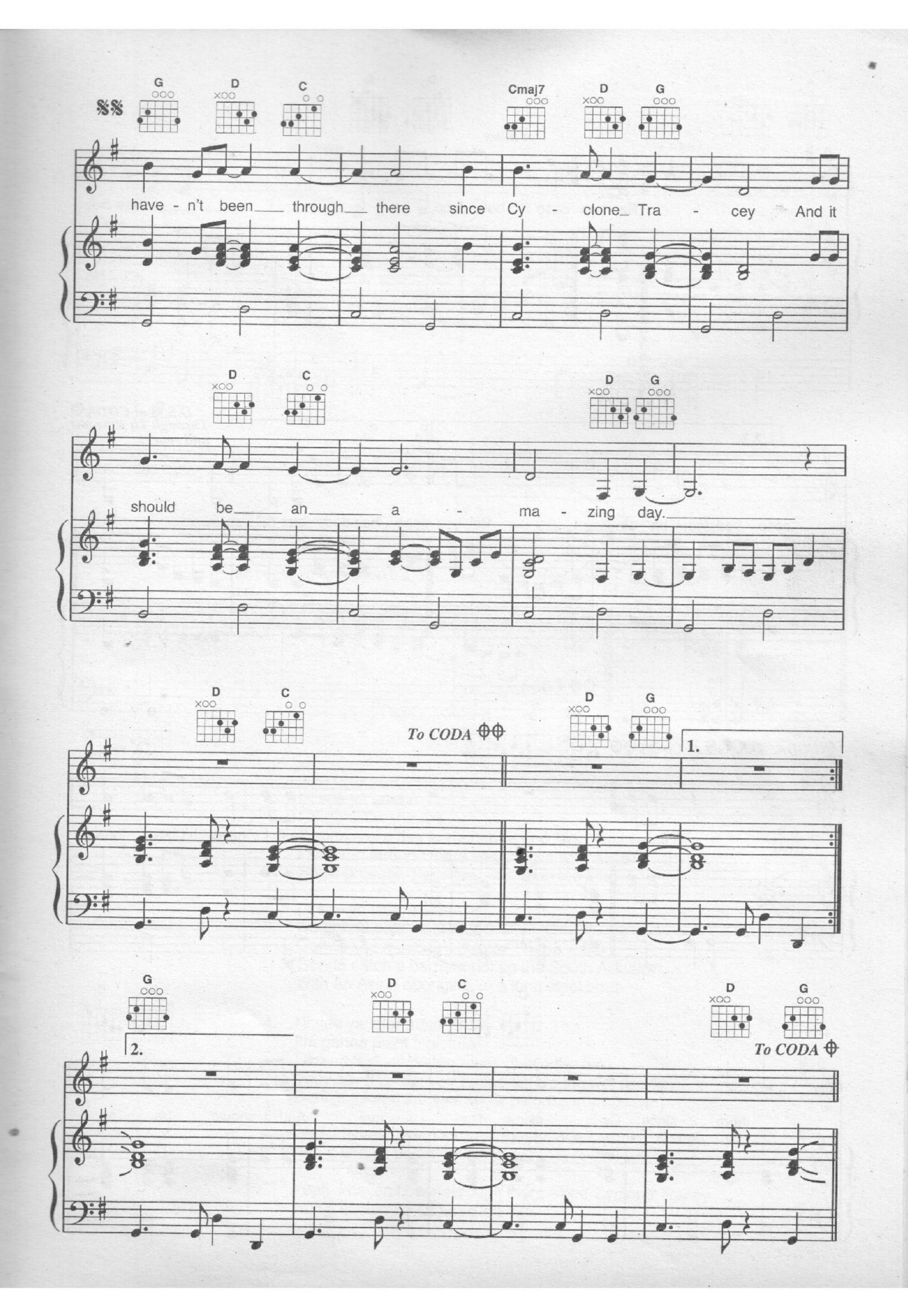


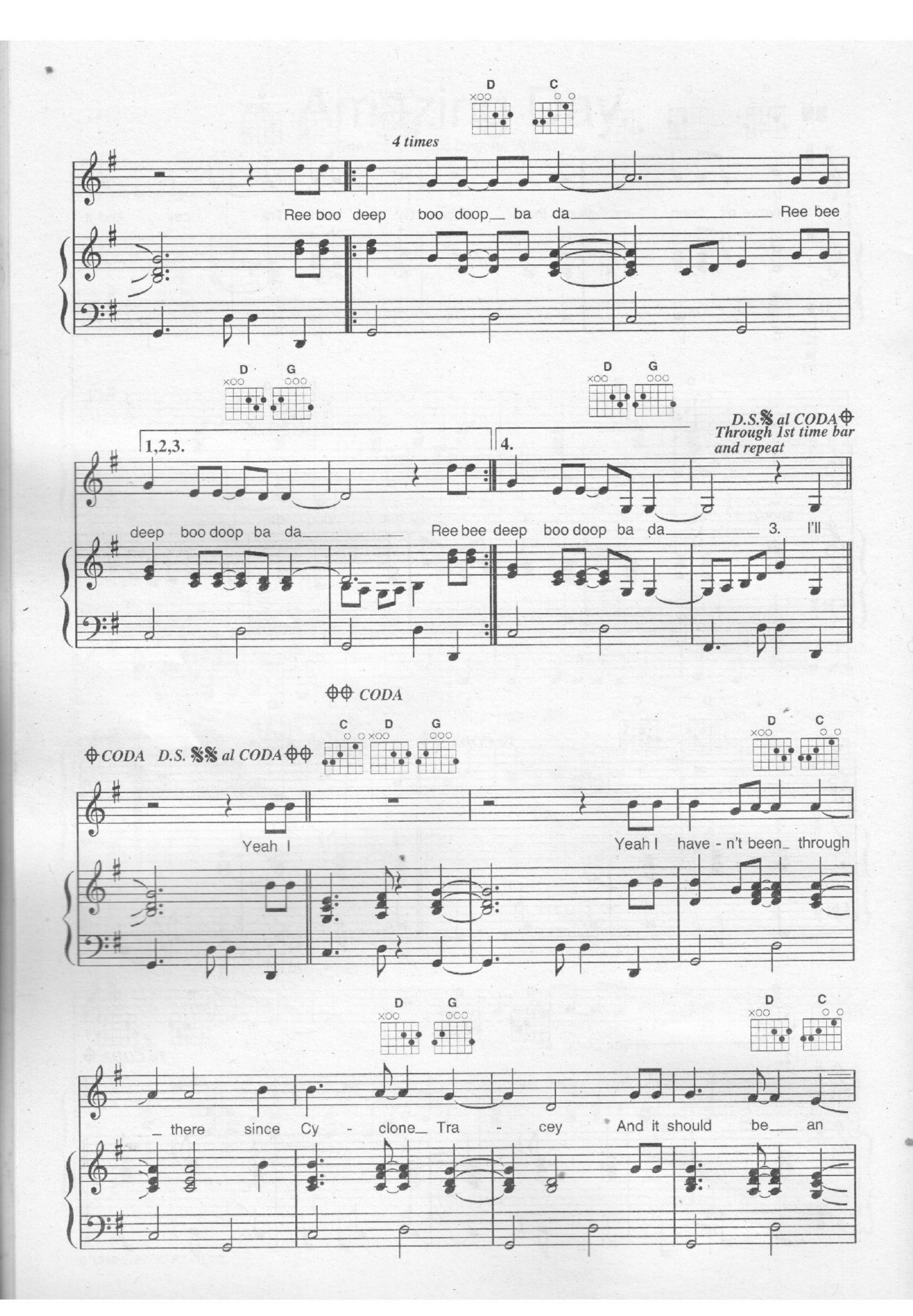
....John Williamson
WARRAGUL

Amazing Day

Words and Music by John Williamson




G
D
C
Cmaj7
D
G
have - n't been through there since Cy - clone Tra - cey And it
D
C
D
G
should be an a - ma - zing day.
D
C
To CODA
D
G
1.
G
2.
D
C
D
G
To CODA


D
C
4 times
Ree boo deep boo doop ba da Ree bee
D
G
1,2,3.
deep boo doop ba da Ree bee deep boo doop ba da 3. I'll
D
G
4.
D.S. al CODA
Through 1st time bar
and repeat
CODA
CODA D.S. al CODA
C
D
G
D
C
Yeah I
Yeah I have - n't been through
D
G
D
C
there since Cy - clone Tra - cey And it should be an



2. I'll see ya later mate
   I'm goin' by The Isa
   Gonna say g'day to Katherine and Mary Kathleen
   Last time through there I fell in love with Alice
   She's probably forgotten - it's been too long

3. I'll see ya later mate
   I'm gonna catch a buffalo
   Gonna see a Jabiru - dancin' on the water
   Gonna catch a barramundi up the South Alligator
   With an Asian aborigine, in a long steel boat

4. I'll see ya later mate
   I'm gonna paint a picture
   Like a black cockatoo - way above the fire
   They say it sends you troppo before the wet season
   But I gotta see the light show before it come down

   Well, I haven't been through there since Cyclone Tracey
   And it should be an amazing day

   Yeah, I haven't been through there since Cyclone Tracey
   And it should be an amazing day

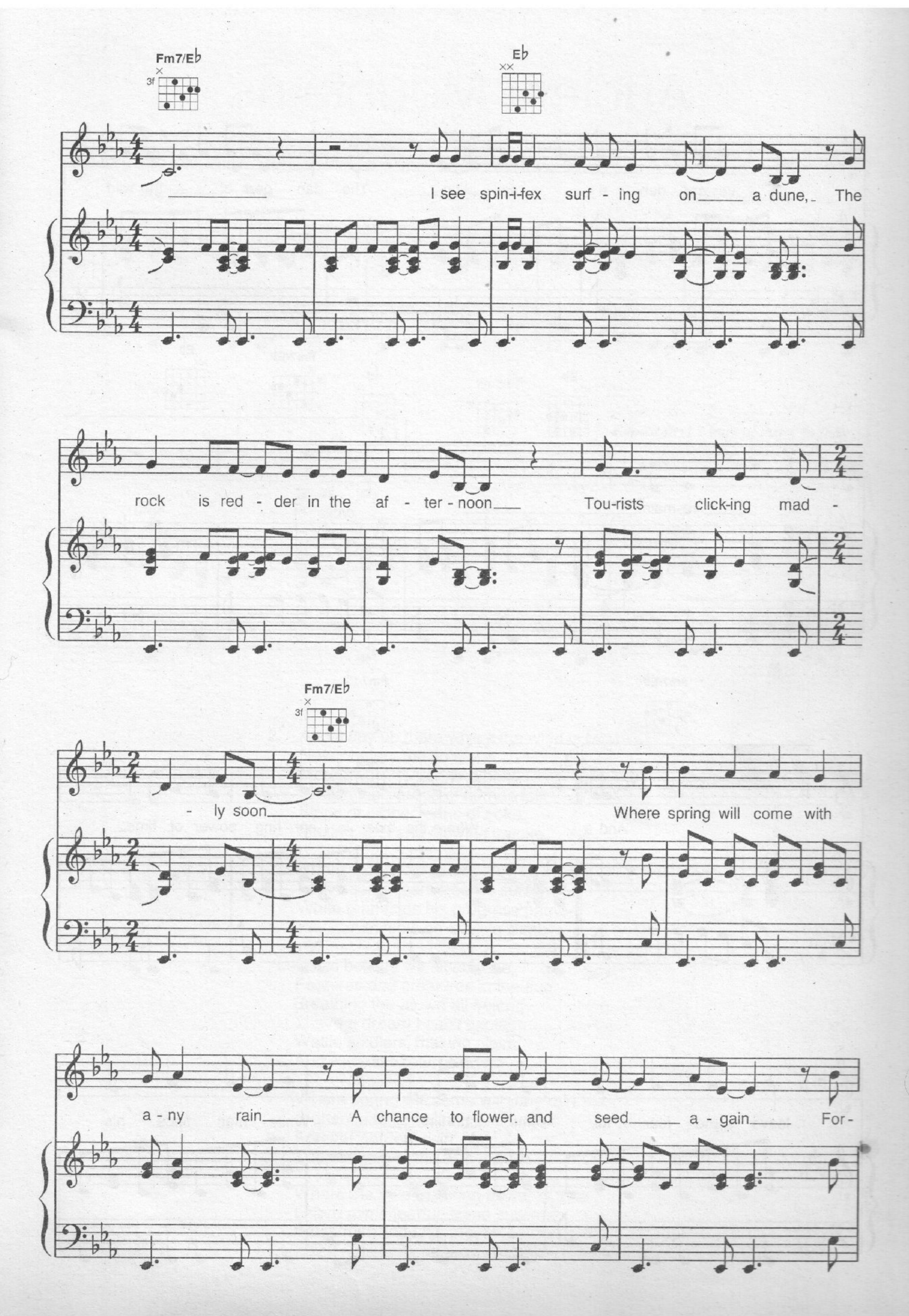
Ancient Mountains

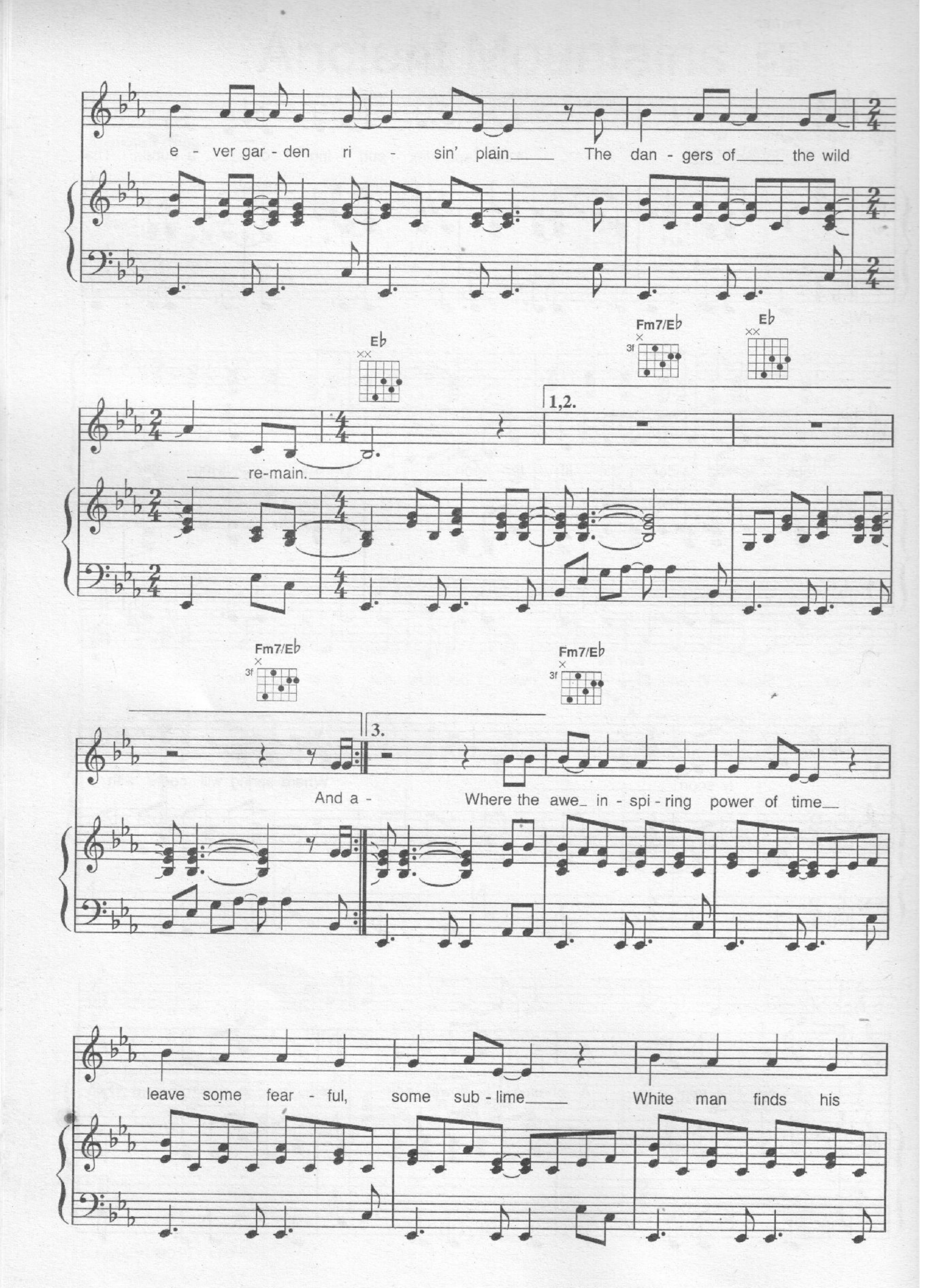
Words and Music by John Williamson

To reproduce John's guitar work use "D" tuning (ref. page 2) with capo on 1st fret.

Medium Tempo




Fm7/E♭
E♭
I see spin-i-fex surf - ing on a dune, The
rock is red - der in the af - ter - noon Tou-rists click-ing mad -
Fm7/E♭
- ly soon Where spring will come with
a - ny rain A chance to flower and seed a - gain For-


e - ver gar - den ri - sin' plain The dan - gers of the wild
re-main.
Eb
Fm7/Eb
Eb
1,2.
Fm7/Eb
Fm7/Eb
3.
And a -
Where the awe_ in - spi - ring power of time
leave some fear - ful, some sub - lime
White man finds his



2. And away up there where the wind is blown
Never before felt so alone
More aware of skin and bone
I watch the parade of human folk
Strips of rubber, cans of coke
Making dust and blowing smoke.

Where the awe-inspiring power of time
Leave some fearful, some sublime
White man finds his progress prime
Black man feels no urge to climb

3. Now I believe we all are one
Features and creatures in the sun
Breathing the air we all belong
I have a dream I can't explain
Wattle soldiers, making claim
And Paradise returns again

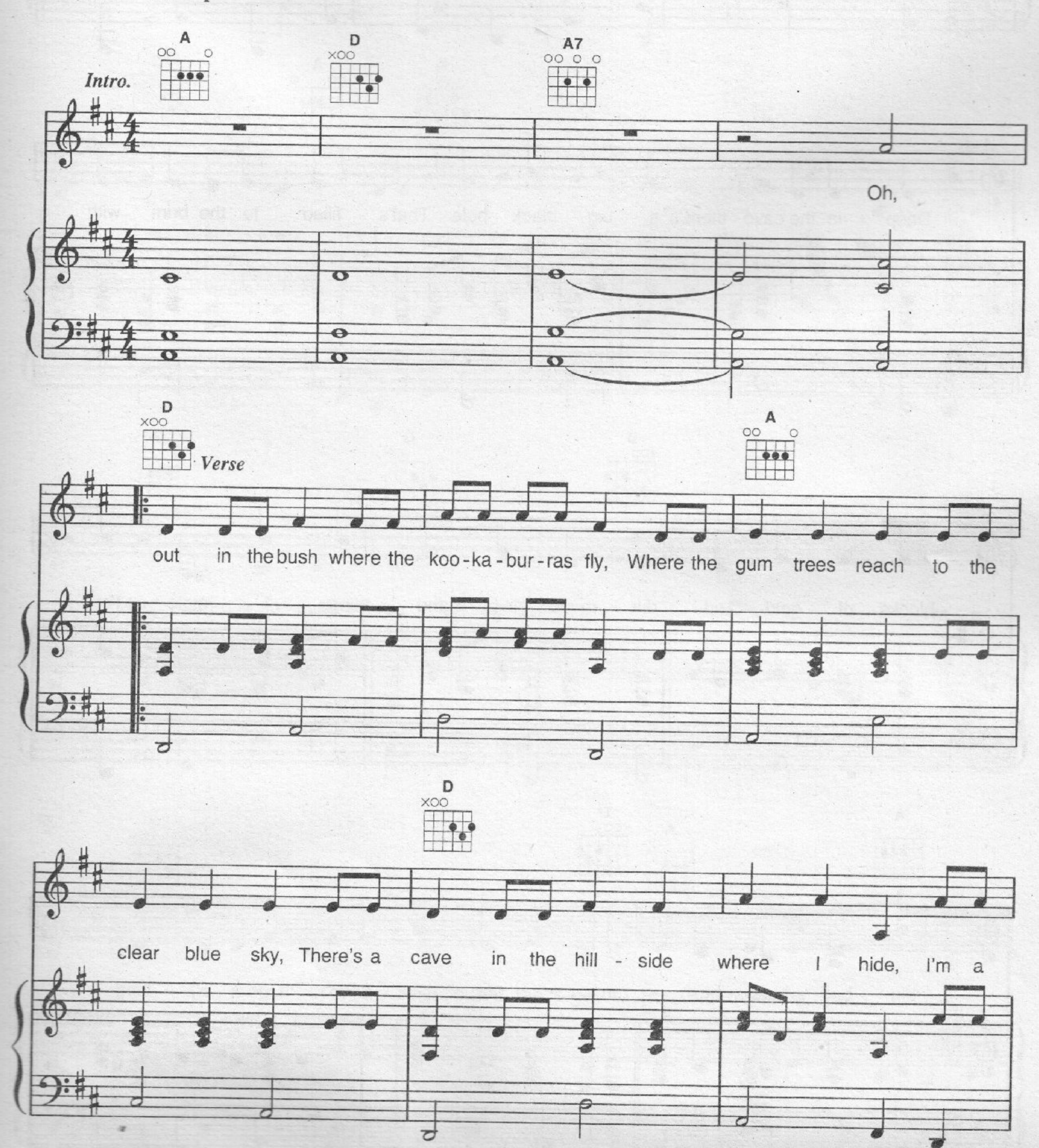
Where spring will come with any rain
A chance to flower and seed again
Forever garden, risin' plain
The dangers of the wild remain

Where the awe-inspiring power of time
Leave some fearful, some sublime
White man finds his progress prime
Black man feels no urge to climb.

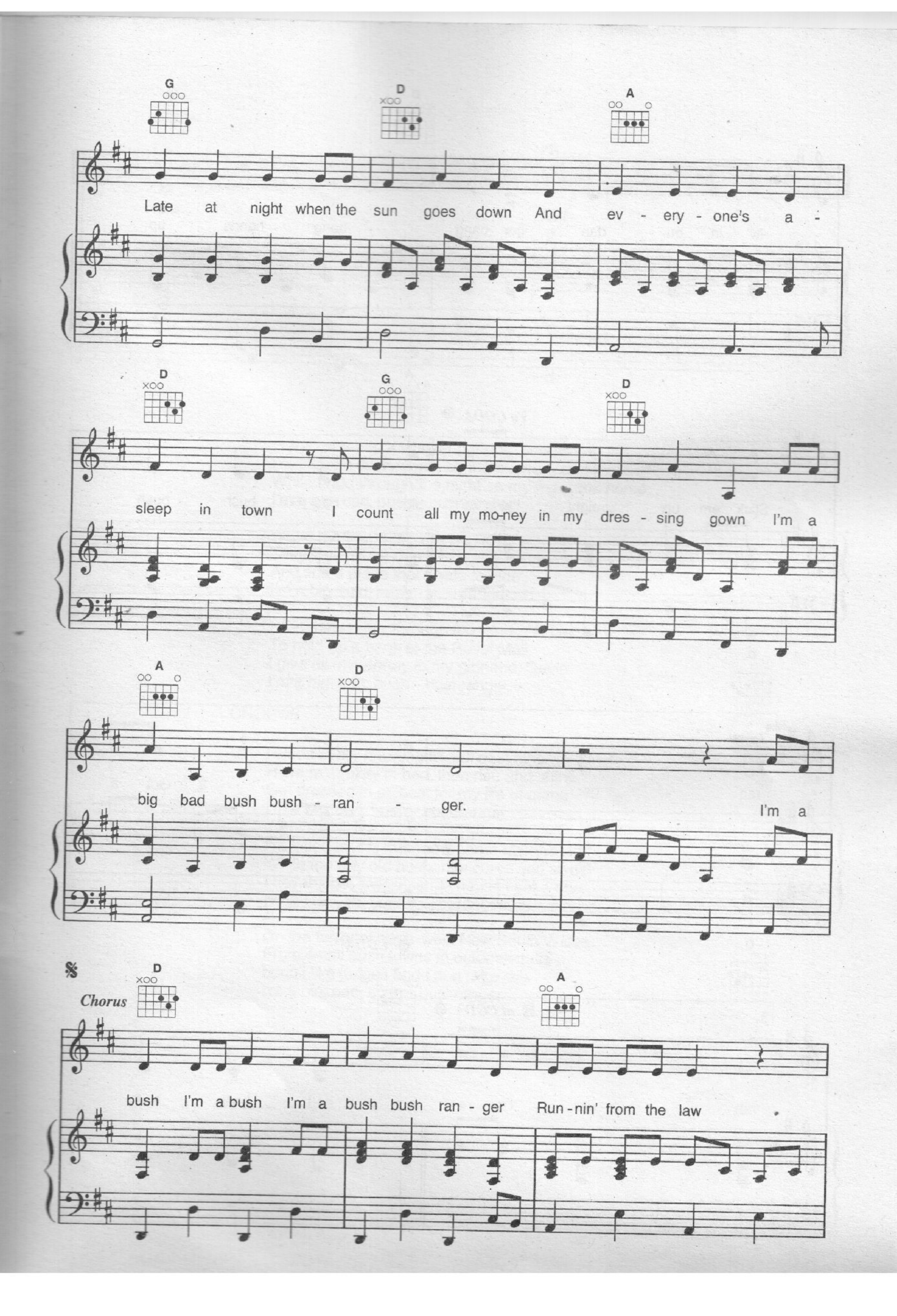
Big Bad Bushranger

Words and Music by Bob Brown

You've heard about Ned Kelly and those other famous crooks
I've seen them on the T.V. - I've seen them in my picture books
Well, here's a little song about a bloke so bad and mean
An evil, vicious outlaw - the worst there's ever been

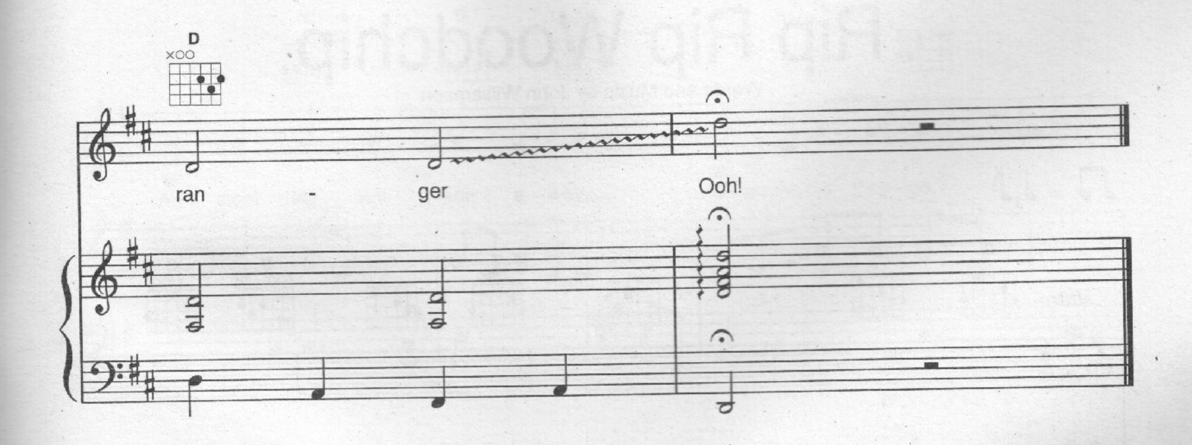



A
D
big bad bush bush - ran - ger
A
Deep in the cave there's a big black hole That's filled to the brim with
D
blocks of gold And dia - mond rings and things I stole I'm a
A
D
big bad bush bush - ran - ger.


G
D
A
Late at night when the sun goes down And ev - ery - one's a -
sleep in town I count all my mo-ney in my dres - sing gown I'm a
big bad bush bush - ran - ger.
I'm a
Chorus
bush I'm a bush I'm a bush bush ran - ger Run-nin' from the law



D
liv - in' on dan - ger, bang bang hands up
To CODA
A
Stick 'em up straight I'm a big bad bush bush
D
1, 2.
ran - ger. 2. Got a
D
CODA
3.
D.S. al CODA
A
ran - ger, I'm a big bad bush bush



2. Got a rope and a whip and a gun, of course
I'm chased everywhere by the bush police force
While I ride through the night on my big black horse
I'm a big, bad, bush - bushranger

When the townsfolk see me ride
They lock all the doors and stay inside
And find a place that's safe to hide
I'm a big, bad, bush - bushranger

I ride thirty miles through the wind and hail
To hold up a bank or the Royal Mail
I give all my money to my girfriend, Gayle
I'm a big, bad, bush - bushranger

CHORUS

3. I sleep every morning till half past nine
Have m' brekky in bed, then rise and shine
Get dressed in m' best for my life of crime
I'm a big, bad, bush - bushranger

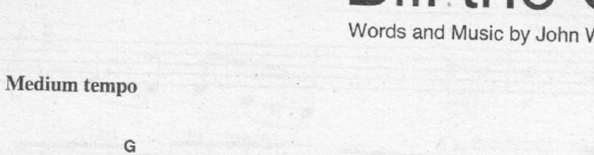
I'm loved by the married women everywhere
While the silly old husbands curse and swear
I haven't got a worry and I haven't got a care
I'm a big, bad, bush - bushranger

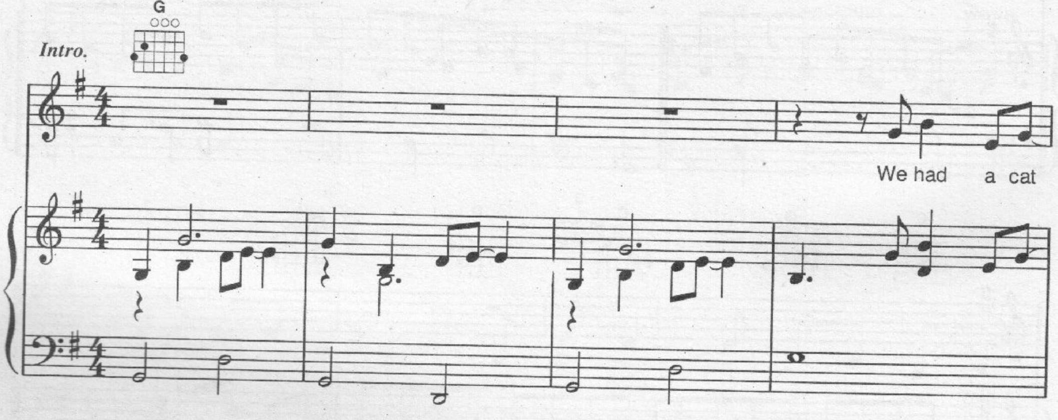
I'm the terror of north-west New South Wales
From small bush towns to outback trails
I don't like judges and I don't like jails
I'm a big, bad, bush - bushranger

Bill the Cat

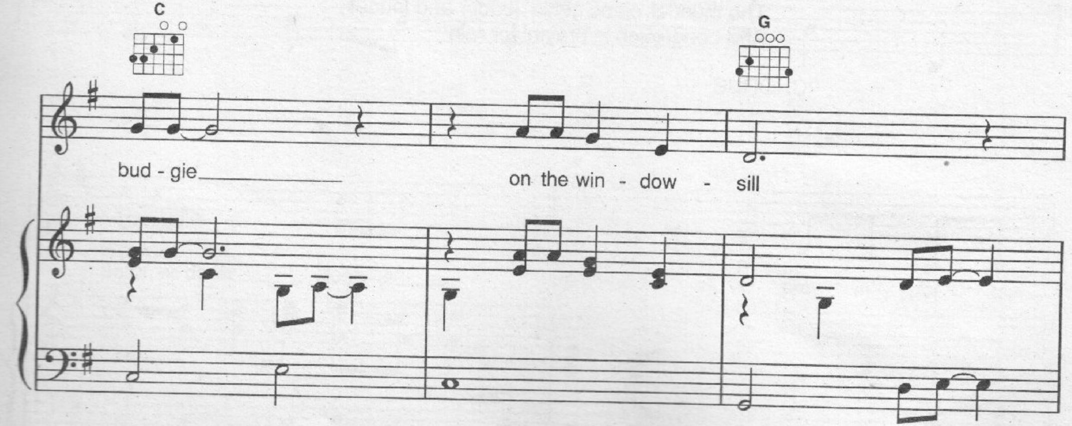
Words and Music by John Williamson

Medium tempo



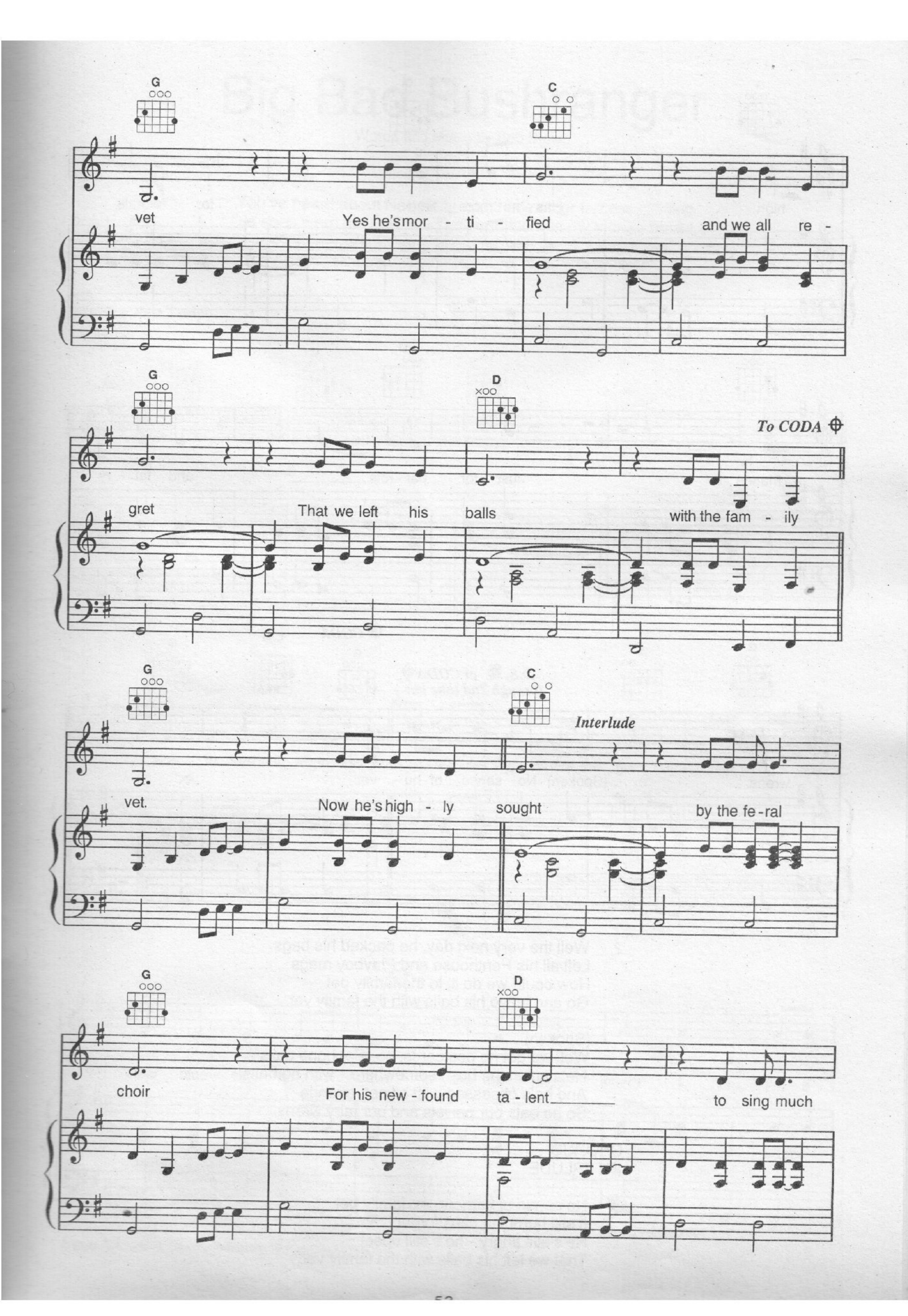







One ho - ly day
one Sun - day morn'
D
G
Left on - ly fea - thers
on our back lawn.
Oh no, Bill
you can't do that
C
G
You sil-ly pus - sy
you stu-pid cat


So we took him down our fam - ily pet
D
G
And we left his balls with the fam - ily vet.
1.
2. Chorus
C
2. Well the ve - ry next
Yes, he's mor - ti - fied and we all re -
G
D
gret That we left his balls with the fam - ily


G
C
vet
Yes he's mor - ti - fied
and we all re -
G
D
To CODA
gret
That we left his balls
with the fam - ily
G
C
Interlude
vet.
Now he's high - ly sought
by the fe - ral
G
D
choir
For his new - found ta - lent
to sing much



2. Well the very next day, he packed his bags
   Left all his Penthouse and Playboy mags
   How could we do it, to the family pet
   Go and leave his balls with the family vet

   (Spoken)
   Well we get no postcards, no telephone calls
   He's out in the bush somewhere - with no balls
   And he's obsessed with sweet revenge
   So he eats our parrots and our fairy wrens

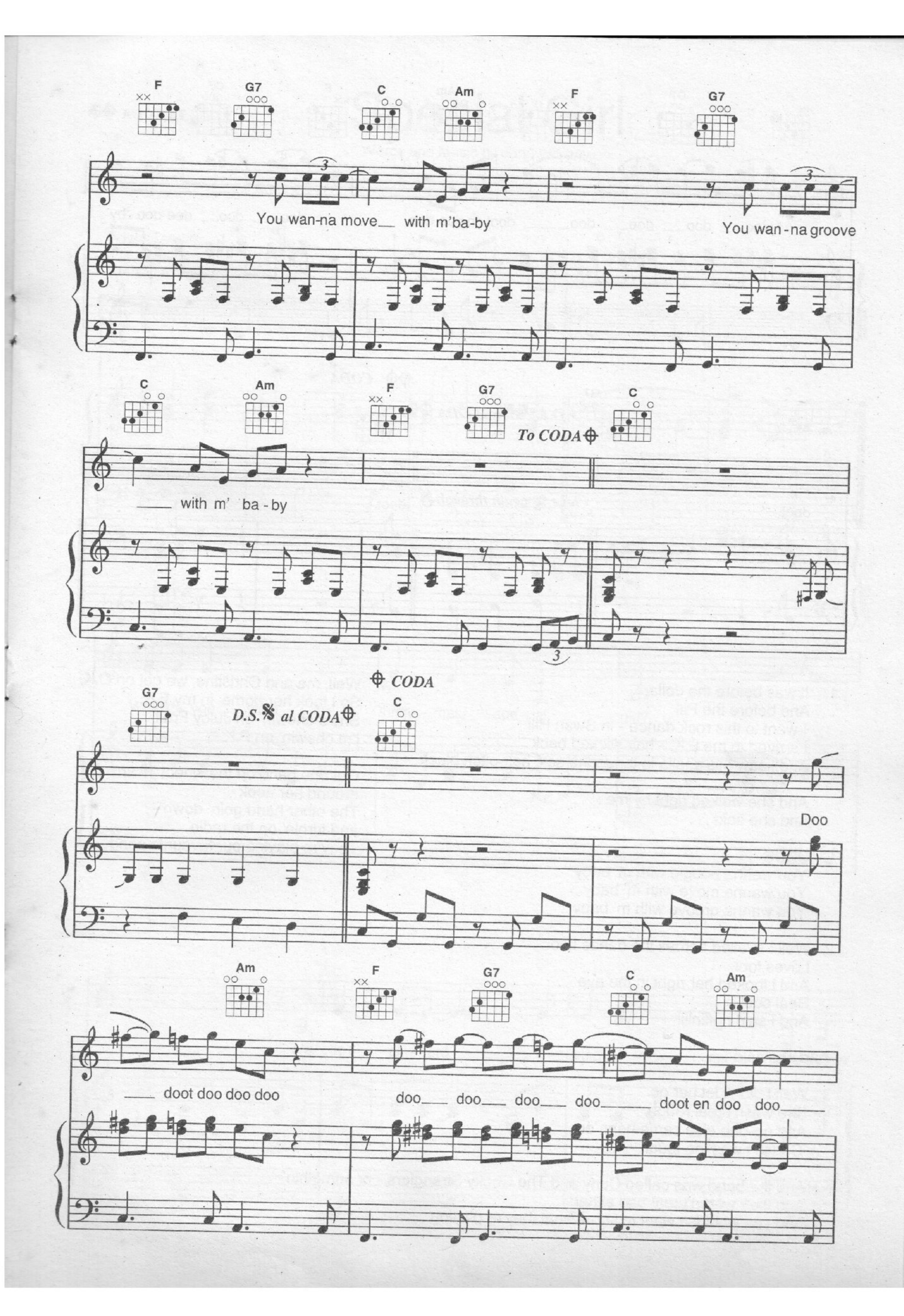
CHORUS
INTERLUDE

𝄋 No sense of humour, ex-family pet
It still hurts, he can't forget
He's still angry - he's still upset
That we left his balls with the family vet.

Boogie With M' Baby

Words and Music by John Williamson




F
G7
C
Am
F
G7
You wan-na move with m'ba-by
You wan-na groove
C
Am
F
G7
C
To CODA
with m' ba - by
G7
D.S. al CODA
CODA
C
Doo
Am
F
G7
C
Am
doot doo doo doo
doo doo doo doo
doot en doo doo



1. It was before the dollar
   And before the Pill
   I went to this rock dance - in Swan Hill
   I arrived in me E.K. - hair slicked back
   And I saw this sheila in tangerine sox, hair pitch black

   And she walked right by me . . . .
   And she said . . .

CHORUS
   You wanna boogie with m' baby
   You wanna move with m' baby
   You wanna groove with m' baby

2. Well I strolled across the dance floor
   Loves fool
   And I looked her right in the eye
   Real cool
   And I said nuffin!!!!

And she said . . . . .

3. Well I didn't let her go
   She wasn't real rough
   And no-one else came near 'er
   'Cause I was too tough

   And the band was called Curly and The Cocky Stranglers - or somethin'
   And they weren't real bad either
   And you wouldn't want to know what they're playing . . .

4. Well, me and Christine, we got on O.K.
   So I took her home, in my E.K.
   She's chewin' on Juicy Fruit ,
   I'm chewin' on P.K.

   Got one hand on the wheel 'n' arm
   around her neck
   The other hand goin' down -
   and turnin' on the radio
   They're playing our favourite song . . .

Charters Towers

Words and Music by John Williamson




pour - in' rain, Could - n't see a damn thing for the su - gar cane, Could - n't
G
find a dry spot to hang a shirt out, Now I'm right on the edge of the Queens -
a tempo
C
- land drought. The change is a -
F
C
F
ma - zing I must re - mark I checked out the mo - tel, just af - ter


C
F
C
To CODA
dark Saw some car - bines, a few dead cows, I'm here at last
G
C
C
1.
2.
in Char-ters Towers.
His-to - ri-cal town
F
C
F
an ea - sy pace
Old fash - ioned streets, a friend - ly face
C
F
C
Hous-es on stilts to keep 'em cool, The chim-neys are



2. Welcome to C.T. - Gold City
   Cattlemen's Rest, waitress pretty
   Born in the Gulf, a Queensland pearl
   Sweetest innocence - a lovely girl
   I showed m' teeth and she gave me a smile
   I tried the soup - and I stayed a while

   If I go to the Caltex and knock on the door
   The lady'll show me around for sure
   Tell me the history as she goes along
   You never know, it could be a song

   Historical Town - an easy pace
   Old fashioned streets - a friendly face
   Houses on stilts to keep em' cool
   The chimneys are air vents, so don't be fooled

3. (On D.S. 𝄋)
   Well, I headed west through a bit of a stink
   'Roos on the road, down for a drink
   Fresh green pick from a little rain
   End up dead in the table drain
   Birds flying 'round with a knife and fork
   A damn good feed for an eagle hawk

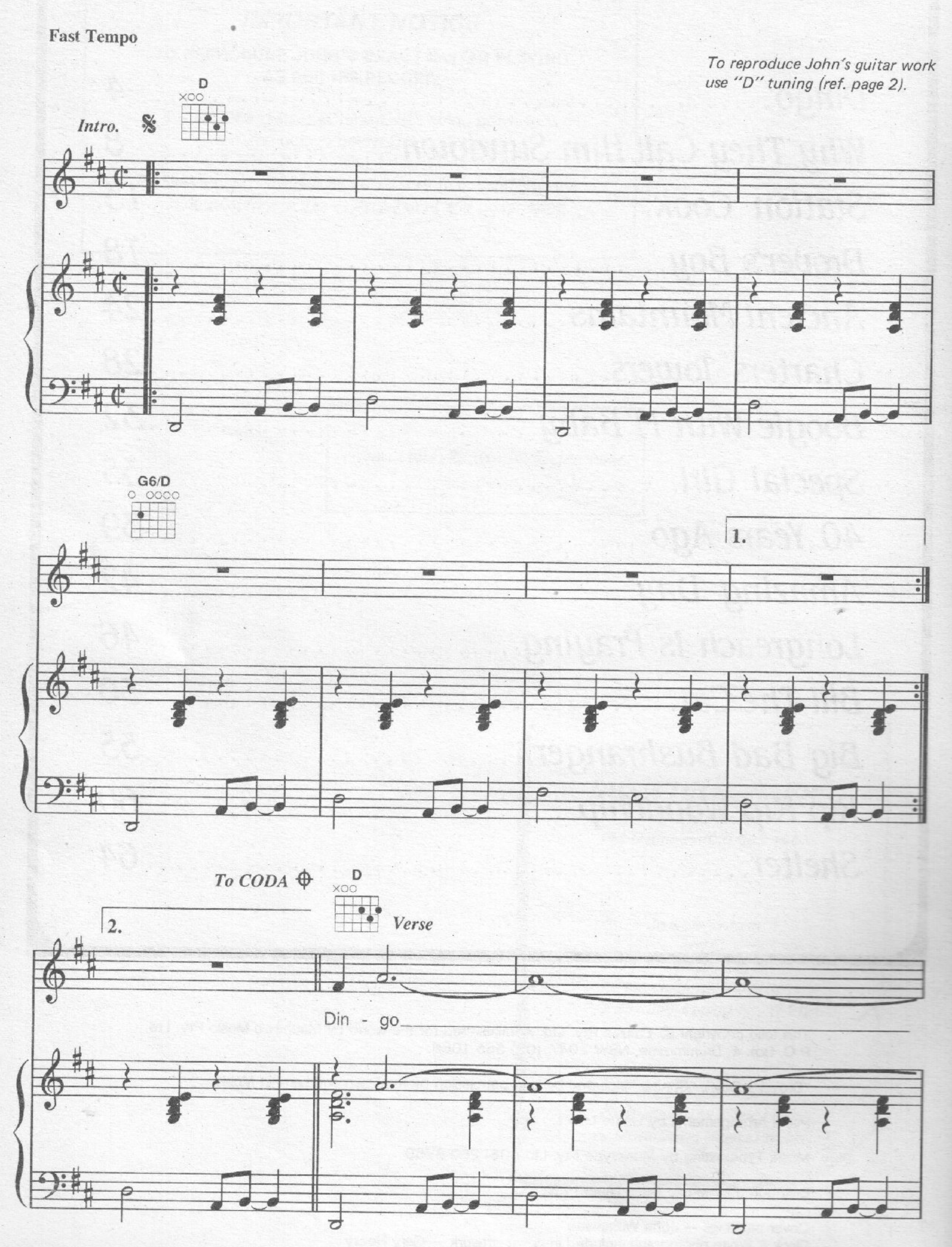
   The change is amazing, I must remark
   I checked out the motel just after dark
   The trees are scarce, the cattle are weak
   I'm further out in Julia Creek.

Dingo

Words and Music by John Williamson

Fast Tempo

To reproduce John's guitar work use "D" tuning (ref. page 2).




Din - go
G6/D
D
why you run - nin' scared
Din - go
Din - go


G6/D
why you
D
run - nin'
scared.
G6/D
Guard
dog
of
the
moun - tains
Kee - pin'
the
rats
from
ea - tin'
it



2. Dingo, dingo - koori warragul
   Dingo, dingo - koori warragul
   Guard dog of the plains
   Keepin' the sheep from eatin' it all away

3. Dingo, dingo - why you get so mad?
   Dingo, dingo - why you get so mad?
   Guard dog of the desert
   Keepin' the roos from eatin' it all away

Forty Years Ago

Words and Music by John Williamson




Am7
D7
G
a - lone
An - y - where in town
If
she's not safe in years of peace
Why did he go to war
What was the pur - pose, what was the glo - ry,
1, 2, 3.
4.
What was he figh - ting for?
Yeah



2. Yeah, sometimes this world worries me
Sometimes it makes me cry
Then one day more is one day closer
To the day I die

And I think I'll leave it all behind
I've had enough to say
Go back to nature - live in the forest
Before they take it away

3. Now I'm no pauper - I don't believe
I've known a poor man's day
But I'm still hungry to know the reason
Why I came this way

Was it to learn that I can't buy
The peace I used to know
When I was just a little boy -
Forty years ago

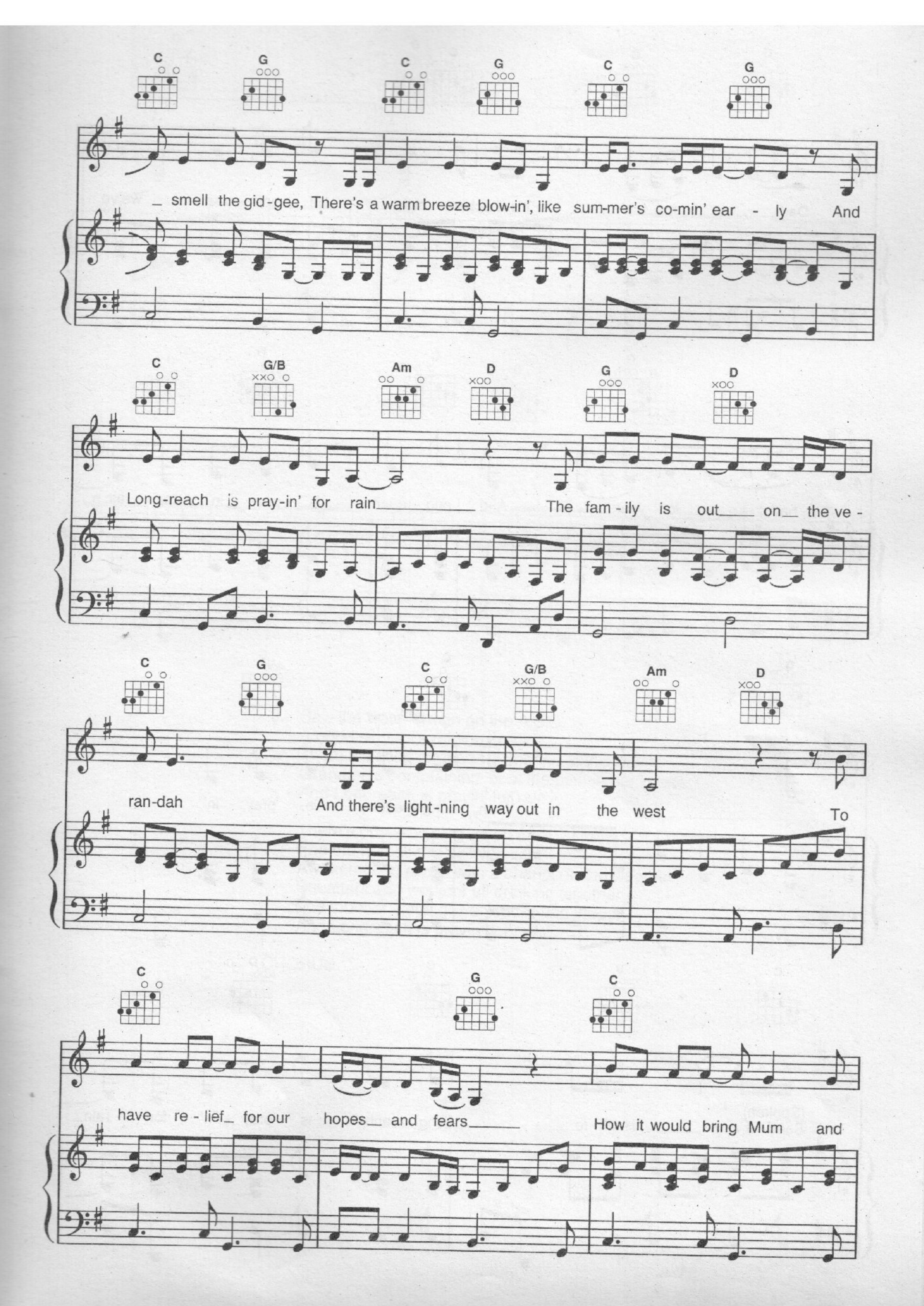
4. But if I can learn from foolish ways
Then I must surely grow
The light within is waiting -
For the chance to glow

And I will keep on searching
Until the day I know -
The peace I knew as a little boy
Forty years ago

Longreach is Praying

Words and Music by John Williamson




C G C G C G
_ smell the gid-gee, There's a warm breeze blow-in', like sum-mer's co-min' ear - ly And
C G/B Am D G D
Long-reach is pray-in' for rain___ The fam-ily is out___ on__ the ve-
C G C G/B Am D
ran-dah And there's light-ning way out in the west To
C G C
have re-lief_ for our hopes__ and fears_____ How it would bring Mum and


G
C
Dad to tears It's the best sign of mois - ture we've
G
C
D
had for years And Long - reach is pray - in' for rain
G
C
D
Chorus
Yeah, Long - reach is pray - in'
C
D
C
D
(Spoken)
Send 'er down Hugh - ie Long - reach is pray - in' for rain



2. Saw the weatherman on the A.B.C.
   A good sign - it's raining in Alice
   There's a song of hope whispering in the leaves
   Grandma's complaining 'bout the pain in her knees
   And Longreach is prayin' for rain

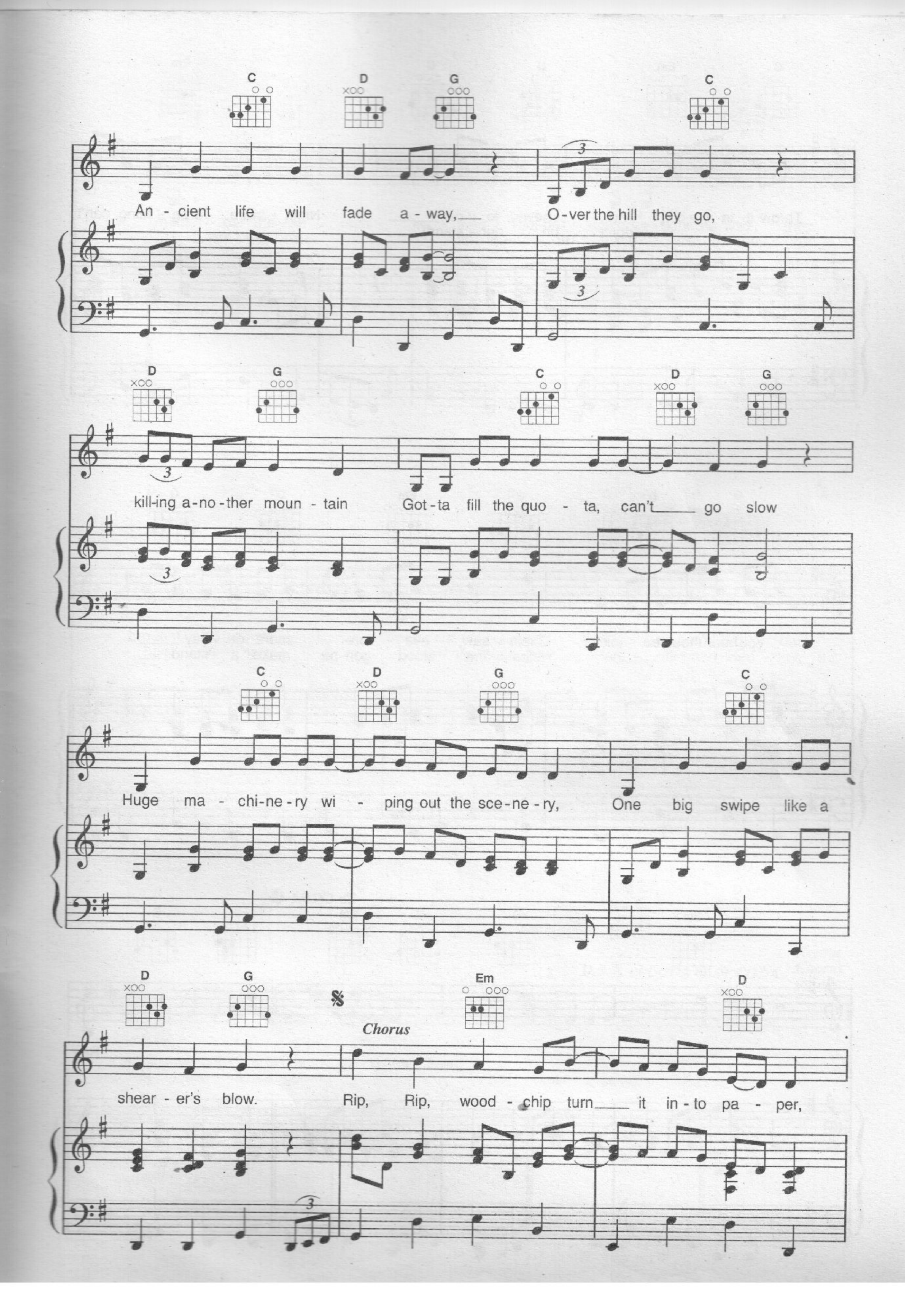
   There's dust whipping up on the clay pans
   And the horses are frisky tonight
   Awaken good spirits with a change in the weather
   Squatters and workers all drinking together
   The thunder claps gettin' louder and louder
   And Longreach is prayin' for rain

CHORUS

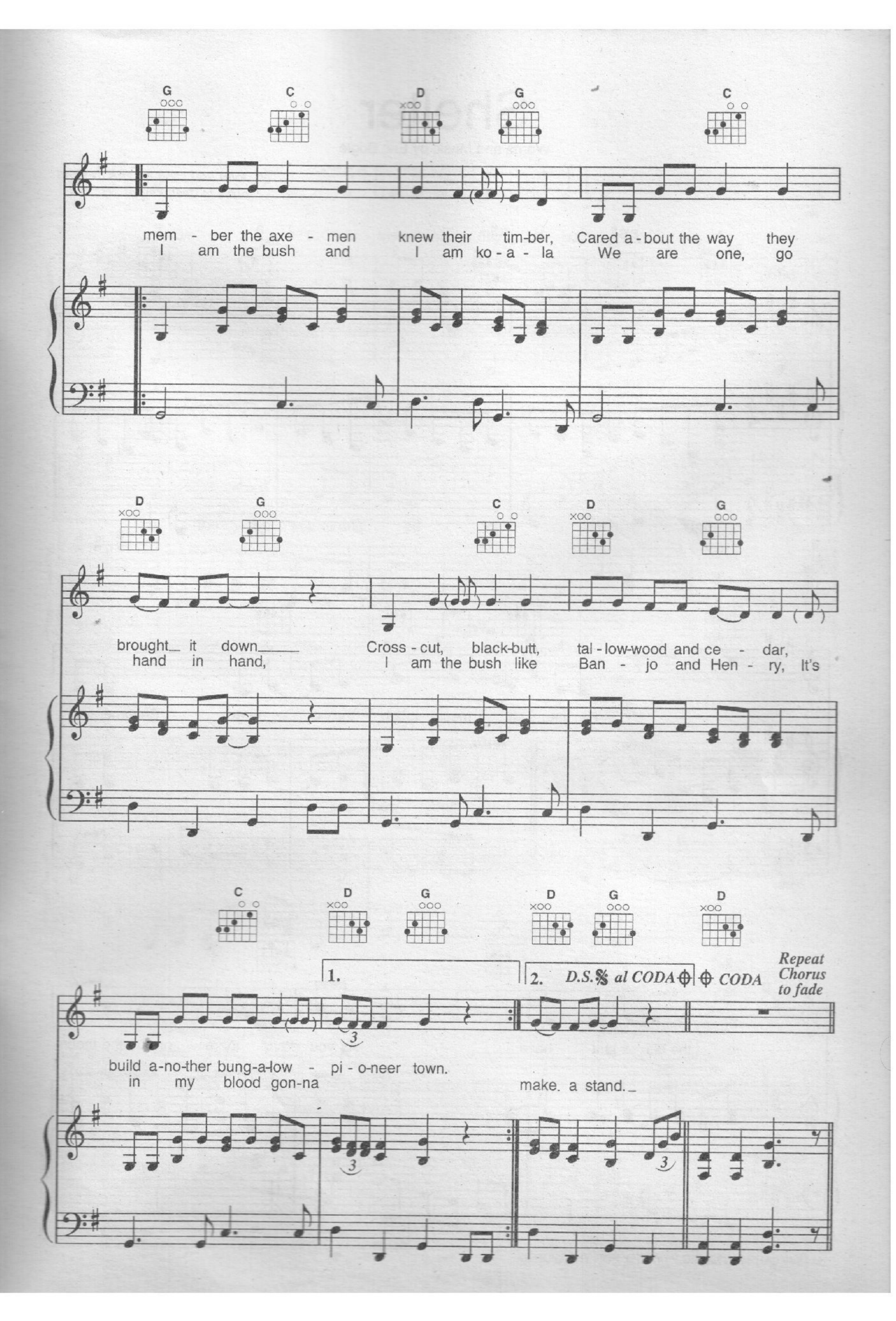
Rip Rip Woodchip

Words and Music by John Williamson




C D G C
An - cient life will fade a - way,
O - ver the hill they go,
3
D G C D G
kill-ing a - no - ther moun - tain
Got - ta fill the quo - ta, can't go slow
C D G C
Huge ma - chi - ne - ry wi - ping out the sce - ne - ry,
One big swipe like a
D G Em D
Chorus
shear - er's blow.
Rip, Rip, wood - chip turn it in - to pa - per,


G
Em
D
G
Em
Throw it in the bin, no news to - day,
(don't un - der - stand)
Night - mare, drea - ming, can't
D
G
Em
D
G
you hear the screa - ming? Chain - saw, eye - sore more de - cay.
(stirs my blood gon - na make a stand.)
To CODA
Re -



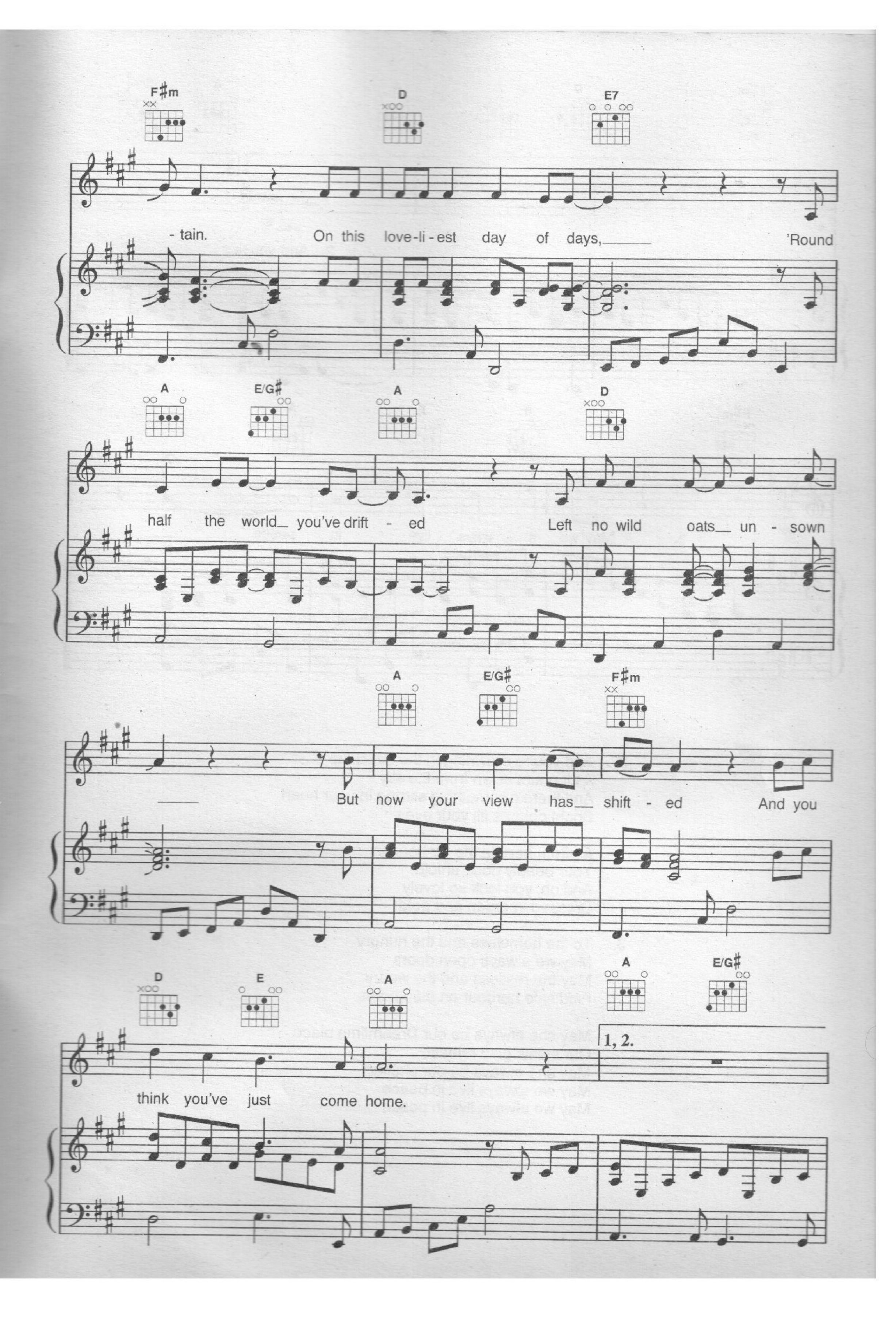
G
C
D
G
C
mem - ber the axe - men knew their tim-ber, Cared a-bout the way they
I am the bush and I am ko-a-la We are one, go
D
G
C
D
G
brought_ it down___ Cross-cut, black-butt, tal-low-wood and ce - dar,
hand in hand, I am the bush like Ban - jo and Hen - ry, It's
C
D
G
D
G
D
1.
2. D.S. al CODA
CODA
Repeat Chorus to fade
build a-no-ther bung-a-low - pi-o-neer town.
in my blood gon-na make. a stand._

Shelter

Words and Music by Eric Bogle

John uses capo on 2nd fret and plays in open key of "G".





F♯m
D
E7
-tain. On this love-li-est day of days, 'Round
A
E/G♯
A
D
half the world you've drift-ed Left no wild oats un-sown
A
E/G♯
F♯m
But now your view has shift-ed And you
D
E
A
A
E/G♯
think you've just come home.
1, 2.



2. And you're drowning in the sunshine
   As it pours down from the sky
   And there's something stirring in your heart
   Bright colours fill your eyes

   As from here to the far horizon
   Your beauty does unfold
   And oh, you look so lovely
   Dressed in green and gold

3. To the homeless and the hungry
   May we always open doors
   May the restless and the weary
   Find safe harbour on our shores

   May she always be our Dreamtime place
   Our spirits glad release
   May she always be our shelter
   May we always live in peace
   May we always live in peace

Special Girl

Words and Music by John Williamson




G
F
Dm
I bet you'd like a
trip a - round the world
Spe-cial
girl.
Oh dar - lin' what would bring a
twin-kle to your eye?
8va
loco
C


G
Just a hint now watch how you re - ply
8va
loco
It's
F
Dm
G
F
got to be surprise, sur-prise that's why
Dar - lin'
G
F
Dm
F
girl
For one of the most spec-ial in the
G7
F
Dm
G7
world.
Some - thin' spe-cial for a spe-cial



2. What do you want from Santa most of all?
Some flowers or a picture on the wall
A rug that goes the whole way down the hall
Special girl
Oh darlin', what do you want for Christmas - give me a clue

A cattle pup or a baby kangaroo
As long as it says that I love you
Special girl
For one of the most specia l in the world
Somethin' special for a special girl

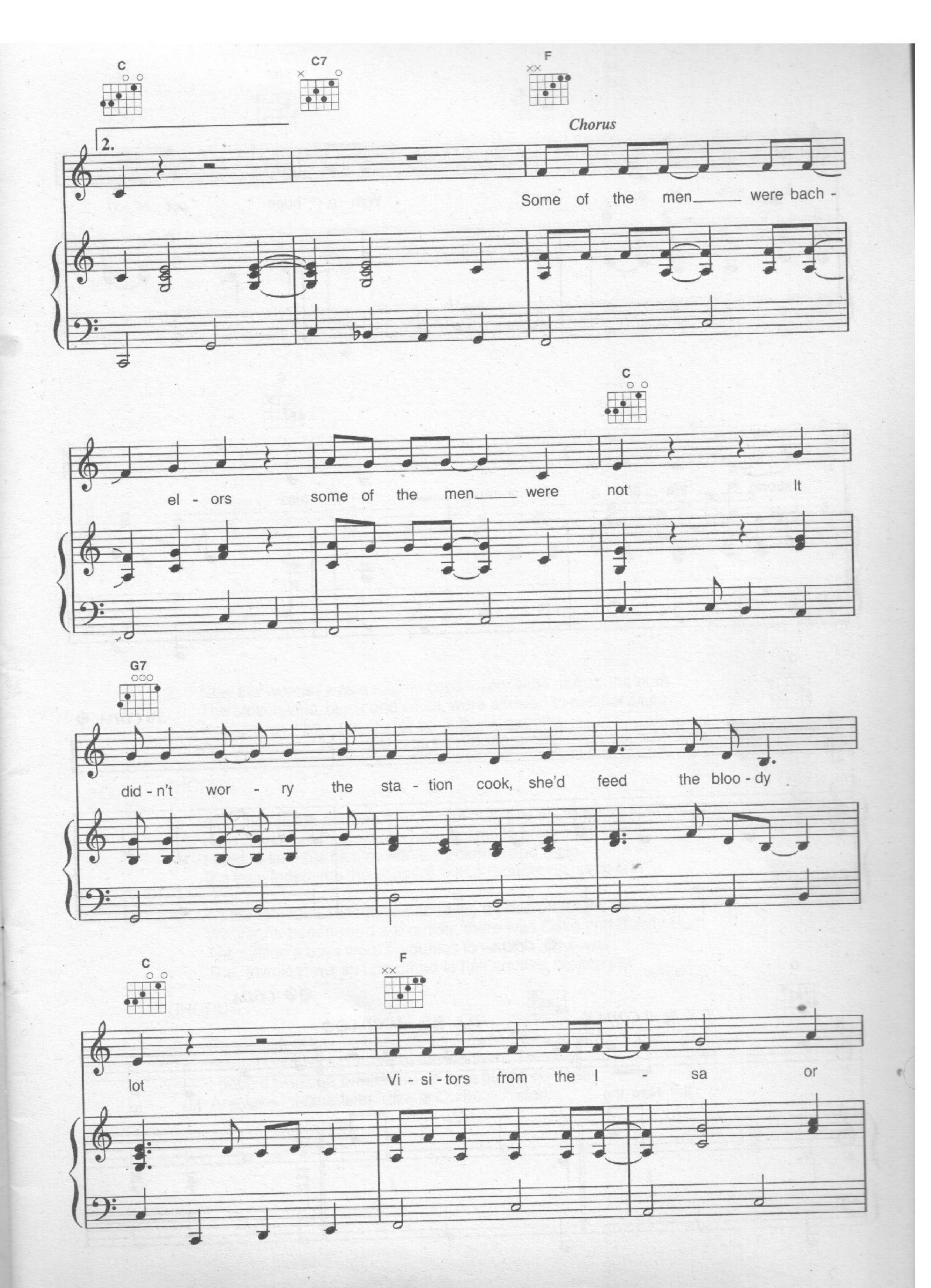
For one of the most special in the world
Somethin' special for a special girl

Station Cook

Words and Music by John Williamson




C
him in con - trol He rare - ly left his
G7
sun - ken bed in the breeze - way out the back His on -
To CODA
ly job was split the wood or the mis-sus' whip would
C
1.
crack Now, the
3


C
C7
F
Chorus
2.
Some of the men were bach - el - ors some of the men were not
It did - n't wor - ry the sta - tion cook, she'd feed the bloo - dy lot
G7
Vi - si - tors from the I - sa or


C
G7
tou - rists in a bus
With a huge pot of
C
strong tea and a mi - ni - mum of fuss
G7
To CODA
CODA
C
D.S. al CODA
C
D.S. al CODA
CODA
3. Now the
5. It's the Out - back his - to -



2. Now the woman was a mighty cook - very wide across the bum
The station kids, black and white, were allowed to call her Mum
Her kitchen was a bakery for an outback appetite
For big slabs of bully beef or good old Vegemite

CHORUS

3. Now the station pet was a Brahman bull, you could pat him on the head
He'd never seen saleyard - he was station bred
I tried to take his picture with a stockman and a gin
But they faded into the scenery with a drought resistant grin

4. To the famous Brunette Races - they'd head off for the fun
Where the beer flowed like a river, there was Coke and Bundy Rum
The station's boys were favourites to win the tug-o-war
The "townies" weren't prepared to risk another broken jaw

CHORUS

5. It's the last of the Outback stations owned by a family
Hard-fought by a pioneer of the Northern Territory
I hope it won't be swallowed up by a public company
And fade into the heat haze of Outback history

The Drover's Boy

Words and Music by Ted Egan





G7
F
C
F
C
dro - ver's boy_ was dead. The sho-velled dirt, a mum-bled word And it's
F
G7
Am
G7
back to the road a - head_ And for - get a-bout the drov-er's
Am
Am
G7
1.
2.
boy. 2. And they boy, for - get a-bout the dro-ver's
Am
C
F6
C
boy And they could-n't make out_ why the dro-ver and the boy Al-ways


F
C
F6
C
camped so far a-way
For the tall white man and the slim black boy
F
G7
F
C
Ne-ver had much to say
And the boy would be gone at the break of dawn,
G7
Am
G7
Tail the hor - ses, car - ry on,
While the dro - ver roused the sleep-ing men,
Am
G7
Am
G7
1.
Day-light,
hit the road a-gain
And fol-low
the dro-ver's


Am
G7
Am
boy,
fol - low
the drov-er's
boy.
4. In the
2.
tempo ad lib
a tempo I
Cut her hair
break her in
And call her a
boy
the dro-ver's
boy
call her a
boy
the dro-ver's
boy.
5. So when they



C
G
Am
G7
build that Stock-man's Hall of Fame And they talk a - bout___ the dro - vin' game Re-
mem-ber the girl___ who was bed-mate and guide,
Rode with the dro - ver, side by side
watched the bul-locks, flayed the hide
Faith - ful wife___ but ne-ver a bride___
Bred his sons___ for the cat-tle run, Don't weep
for the dro - ver's



2. And they couldn't understand why the drover cut
   The lock of the dead boy's hair
   And put it in the band of his battered old hat
   As they watched him standing there
   And he told them take the cattle on
   I'll sit with the boy awhile
   A silent thought, a pipe to smoke
   And it's ride another mile
   And forget about the drover's boy
   Forget about the drover's boy.

3. And they couldn't make out why the drover and the boy
   Always camped so far away
   For the tall white man and the slim black boy
   Never had much to say
   And the boy would be gone at the break of dawn
   Tail the horses, carry on
   While the drover roused the sleeping men
   Daylight - hit the road again
   And follow the drover's boy
   And follow the drover's boy.

4. In the Camooweal Pub they talked about -
   The death of the drover's boy
   They drank their rum with the stranger who'd come
   From the Kimberley run, Fitzroy
   And he told of the massacre in the west
   Barest details - guess the rest
   Shoot the bucks, grab a gin
   Cut her hair - break her in
   And call he a boy - the drover's boy
   And call he a boy - the drover's boy.